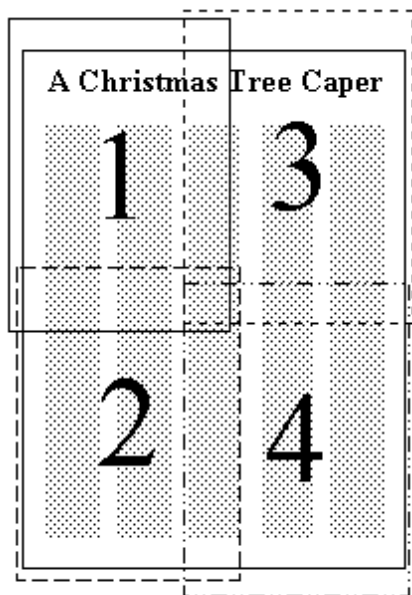


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



TERRY

MISS WINTER - SPRICE,  
SORRY FOR INTRUDING.

# Wait for Me

By JACK RITCHIE

(Copyright 1955 by News Syndicate Co., Inc.)

"It's not that I want to get rid of you, Ken," my mother said. "But why don't you get married? I want to hear the patter of little grandchildren's feet."

I was drinking my last cup of breakfast coffee and I kept one eye on the clock. "All right. How about tomorrow? Or is that the day you iron?"

"I can always put it off a day or so."

"And on the subject of grandchildren," I said. "You've got five already. Are you in a contest or something?"

"You're the only one of my children with red hair. I'm curious to see whether this will keep on or not."

I finished my coffee. "Who stole my brief case? Don't nobody leave the room. I think I'll marry Diana Wilson. She's beautiful, and not only that, she's related to the boss."

"Diana's a nice girl, a fine girl. The brief case is on the dining-room table. Don't get panicky."

I grabbed the brief case and came back into the kitchen. "Or Jeanie Davis? She owns a motor boat. Where's my hat?"

"I put it in the closet. Jeanie's a nice girl, a fine girl."

"No wonder I couldn't find it." I got my hat and kissed my mother good-by. "I'm late now."

"Aren't you always? I'm thinking specifically about Eileen Brady."

## SHE WAS AT THE WINDOW

"Eileen's a nice girl, a fine girl. Where's the door? Never mind, I found it." Just before I went out, I turned. "But she's got nitch black

light complexion and deep blue eyes. "I'm glad you noticed. You're starting off the week right. May I expect a proposal somewhere around Friday?"

"After I get a raise. Or maybe two."

"Might I point out that if people waited until they thought they could afford marriage, the human race would have become extinct long ago."

"You and my mother," I said. "But I refuse to crack under the pressure."

We got to the bus stop a few seconds before our bus arrived. Eileen rode to eighty-first street where she teaches Kindergarten at the Stevenson School, and I continued on to the Larson Construction Co. where I hoped to be more than an accountant in the future.

## DINNER AT THE LODGE

When I came home at six in the evening, I hung up my top coat and hat. My father and I flipped a coin for the sports pages of the newspaper and I lost.

I marched into the kitchen with the rest of the paper under my arm. "My slippers aren't in front of the easy chair. Don't I rate any more?"

"You'd better forget the slippers and get dressed. Tonight you're supposed to have dinner at your lodge. It's some kind of an anni-

you do." I turned to Eileen. "I've got two tickets to the lodge dinner tonight. But you'll have to hurry. They start serving at eight."

Eileen smiled at me gently. "I'm sorry, Ken. But Chad's invited me out for a movie tonight."

I looked him over again and cleared my throat. "Well, have a good time." I waved lightheartedly and put on a smile. "I guess I'll run along then."

"It's been a pleasure to meet a friend of Eileen's," Chad said.

I stopped in the doorway to the hall. "Say, Eileen. How about a movie tomorrow night? Downtown, of course."

"Sorry, old man," Chad said. "But I'm taking Eileen to the ballet."

I managed to smile as I left.

My father handed me the sports pages as I came into the house. I found by slippers and tried to read.

My mother came into the living room to search for matches to relight the pilot light of the range. She looked at me and then down to the slippers. "Well," she said. "Good for Eileen."

The papers made a lot of noise as I straightened out the creases. "She didn't refuse. She had a previous date."

"How about Jeanie Davis with the motor boat? Or Diana Wilson who can further your career?"

"It's too late."

My mother found a pack of matches. "I wouldn't be surprised."

I scowled at her.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Sunday afternoon was a lovely day," she said. "What did you do?"

"I played golf," I said loud and clear.

"Precisely. And Eileen sat at home alone mooning over your photograph, no doubt."

"If there's anything I can't stand, it's red hair on other people. And the ballet yet, old man."

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"Not all of them. Just the alternate ones. You'll have to insist."

I left the house and stopped at the strip of sidewalk leading to the Brady house next door. Mrs. Brady was at the window and I pointed to my wristwatch significantly. I tapped my foot until her daughter came out of the cottage adjusting the collar of her coat.

I took Eileen by the hand. "Faster," I said. "Faster."

She resisted my pull and slowed me down to a walk. "You're about thirty seconds ahead of your schedule. Let's make the walk to the bus stop leisurely and enjoy the clear morning air."

"I warn you. If we miss the bus you're going to have to pay the cab fare. You're looking beautiful and fresh today."

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"You'd better forget the slippers and get dressed. Tonight you're supposed to have dinner at your lodge. It's some kind of an anniversary and you bought two tickets last month. Naturally you forgot all about it."

"Oh," I said and rubbed my chin as I thought it over. "I guess I might just as well go then, as long as I have the tickets. I'll go over and tell Eileen to come along."

My mother looked at me for a moment and then glanced at the clock. "I'm sure she'll appreciate the sudden notice."

I went next door whistling and rang the door bell. Mrs. Brady answered the door and showed me into the living room where Eileen was talking to a big man who's hair was almost as red as mine.

"Chad Hendricks," Eileen said, introducing us. "Ken Stacy, the boy next door."

I searched her expression for a hint of just what she meant by that and then shook hands with Hendricks very firmly. "How do

she looked at me and then down to the slippers. "Well," she said. "Good for Eileen."

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"If there's anything I can't stand, it's red hair on other people. And the ballet yet, old man."

"Son, do you mind if I call attention to a deficiency in your character?"

## SHE LIFTS AN EYEBROW

"I do mind and I'm way ahead of you. I take things for granted."

The next morning I didn't have to ask for my hat and briefcase. I remembered exactly where I'd misplaced them. I was in front of Eileen's house several minutes early.

When she came out she lifted an eyebrow. "That's a strange expression. Almost as though this were the first time you'd seen me."

"It is," I said. "Standing here, I suddenly wondered what I would do if I didn't see you every day."

She studied me. "You look tired." "I didn't sleep a wink. I didn't think I was capable of insomnia,

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## BRENDA STARR

WHY, HONEY LAMB, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

DID DADDY'S LITTLE B-BOMB HAVE A BAD DREAM?

MOMMY! DADDY! A BIG WHITE DOG HAS GOT MY BRENDA IN A SNOWSTORM—ONLY BRENDA'S HAIR IS ALL LONG OVER THE WHITE SNOW LIKE BLOOD, WHEN I CUT MY FINGER!

Dak-Messick 1-8



MISS WINTER - SPRUCE,  
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HONESTLY SORRY FOR HAVING HURT  
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## The Correct Thing Elinor Ames

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### EVERYDAY COURTESY—

A gentleman who is seated rises when a lady enters the room. If he is in his own home he does not have to rise every time a member of the family enters but he would rise for a guest. When he is a guest, he stands up for his hostess and at the arrival of other guests.

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She patted me on the shoulder as we began walking. "I hope you haven't been harmed permanently."

"This Chad Hendricks?"

"He teaches at Stevenson, too. We often have lunch together."

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"He teaches at Stevenson, too. We often have lunch together."

"If you had some foolish notion that you might make me jealous, it fell flat."

She smiled. "Did it?"

I stopped her and took both her hands in mine. "No, it didn't. For the sake of Hendrick's health, you'd better cancel your date with him tonight. I intend to be waiting outside your door with a putter. Possibly even a No. 2 iron."

I looked into her eyes.

"Eileen," I said. "You're a beautiful woman and you could marry anyone you want to."

"Can I?" she asked quickly.

"If you want to."

"Yes," she said. "I want to marry you."

After a while when she stepped back for air, she said, "If we keep this up, we'll miss our bus."

We kept it up and we missed our bus.

**THE END**

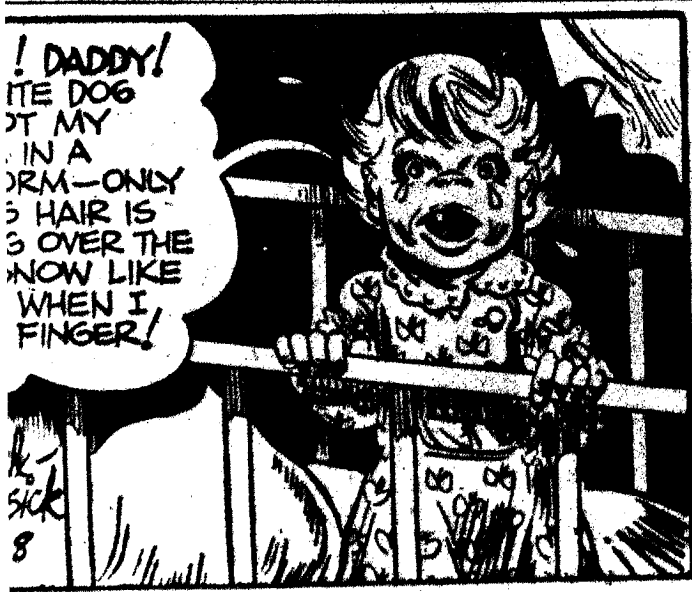
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At a subway station flower stand, I saw a man with a small bouquet. Because he held the bouquet in his hand unwrapped, I thought he was the owner of the stand. So I said to him, "Look, let me have those flowers just as they are—I'm in a rush—how much?"

"These aren't for sale," he replied. "I just bought them." C. C. Bronx

I turned my trouser cuffs up to avoid smearing them as I applied liquid polish to my shoes one morning. Dashing off to the office, I completely forgot about my upturned cuffs until my boss said, "Look here, sport, I don't want to curb your natty personality, but in this insurance office we try to present a dignified atmosphere." A. C. Brooklyn.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
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